

THE TORONTO FREE PRESS

and Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, Canada.

No. 11 (10th-quarter), No. 13 Eglar St. Toronto, Can.

Toronto, January 10th. 1885.

Mailed for one year, or \$2.50 Price, 3 cents

Life and Experience

STAFF-CAPT. MRS. WASS

I was born at Dury, Leicestershire, England, on the 11th of June, 1836. My parents were honest and hard-working, and always tried to bring me up to be good. From a child I always had a desire to do good; often have I

Went Over My Sister, and tried to give them up, but without effect. I was taught to pray when I could just lip a word. I had been to the altar in the Methodist Church, and I believe I did better for a short time, but soon returned to my old habits. I remember a dear little girl dying, whom we were very fond of at home, and after going to the funeral, my mother and I were alone, and I put on my knees and wept, and told myself I was going to be good; but it all passed away in a few days. When I was somewhere about thirteen years of age, my dear mother died, leaving four of us behind. I being the eldest. My mother was a dear good woman, and a good mother, and no man could love her more. I remember well while we were at the grave side, weeping very much, and the minister coming to me and asking me if she was my mother. I said, yes; he said, well, now you are going to be a mother to the children, and I said yes, and made many vows that day, but alas, so soon broke them. After mother's death we went to live with my grandmother, in Ayrton, Leicestershire. My father was working in Manchester at the time, and was only able to see us once every two weeks. Oh! how we used to watch for that day. He seemed to us at this time to be the only one who had in the world. We were brought to Manchester to live and sent to the Methodist Church. We attended there six years, when we left and went to the English Church. After going there for a time I was confirmed, thinking that I would surely be better, but I got worse, and used to

Go to Theatres and Dance Rooms, my father being quite ignorant of it at the time. I got so careless that I seldom ever thought about God, and would often go to bed without praying, but got so afraid of dying before the morning that I would get out of bed and say my prayers. Having got so bad, I did not care to go to church or Sunday School, and very often used to go on Sunday afternoon for school, but never got there. One day I met with a dear girl whom I had been acquainted with but a short time. She asked me if I had seen the Salvation Army. I said, no. She asked me if I would go sometime, and I replied yes. At that time we used to have service in church every Wednesday night. Instead of going to church, I went, my sister coming with me. I shall never forget entering; the benches were packed to the very door, and all seemed confusion. A man took us up near the front, Capt. Hooley and Lieut. Lewis being in charge, at that time; the testimonies and singing I shall never forget. They seemed to pierce my very soul.

I felt that I must go again, and went again on the Saturday night, and after that I could not stay away. I used to go instead of going to school. I got under such conviction that I could not rest anywhere, and my father felt very anxious about me, thinking I was sick. I began to feel my need of Christ, and could neither eat nor sleep, and on the 28th day of April, 1881, I was converted to Christ. Halloo! halloo! that very moment everything seemed changed. I had a desire for evil, and the world had; and my whole soul craved for God and good things. I lived in a justified state for several weeks, until Major Taylor of the Leicestershire Division, came to hold a Holiness Convulsion at our Corps. That afternoon I consecrated myself fully to God; after that I could not rest. I felt that God wanted me out in the field. I told father that I was

Going to Fight for God, and he seemed to think it was all nonsense. I prayed over it very much, and it seemed to me plainer every time. At

last I determined to go, and sent in my application to the dear General, and was accepted. I went in the Training Home under the leadership of dear Miss Emma Booth. The lessons I got while in there, and the Light I shall never forget, and shall ever thank God for sending me there. I spent eight happy weeks there, and then had orders to proceed to Bristol (No. 2).

After fighting in different corps in Bristol for about three months, I had orders from the General to take charge of Ebba Vale, South Wales, in Major Coombs Division. I fought there for five months and saw many weep their way to the Master's feet. Owing to my ill-health I faredwell and went to the Training Home for a rest. After resting there for a short time, I was sent to Norwich, to take Capt. Hooley's place, who was sick at that time. While there I got wonderfully blessed in my soul. I offered myself for Australia, and the General wrote me, and

Asked Me if I Was Willing to go to America.

If so to let him know by next mail. I got down on my knees and prayed, and told the Lord I would go anywhere for Him. I got up from my knees and said

night after night. I came to Canada for a few days, and while there had orders to take charge of Toronto No. 1. While there we had glorious times, and hundreds of souls fell at the Blessed Master's feet. Some of these are out on the battle field fighting for God. To Him be all the glory. After fighting there for eight months I took charge of London. After fighting there for some months I received orders from the Chief of Police to cease beating the drum, but of course we could not do so, and went out as usual the next night, when five of our names were taken, and we were sentenced to ten days in jail. Three soldiers were arrested and taken, the Lieutenant and myself being left out. On the Sunday the Lieutenant and myself buckled on the drums and beat them all day, our names being taken again. We were brought before the magistrate, and again sentenced to ten days. My Lieutenant being called away this time, I was put in jail. After spending one night and a few hours a gentleman paid my fine and I was again free. I had not been out very long before my name was again taken, and I got ten days more, and served my time in jail. While shut away from all my dear comrades, I had Jesus, and enjoyed the presence of the

JOTTINGS.

Cobourg Soldiers find out that the devil is in earnest, so they are getting free and prove to be real Blood and Fire warriors.

They were on the battlefield at Oshawa at seven o'clock sharp on Sunday. Were you?

Still on the war path at Whitby and joining the best they can to drive the devil off the field. Twelve or thirteen out for cleansing.

Wonderful engagements at Steadville. One of fifteen hours duration, in which they took charge of five prisoners who had previously been in the hands of the devil.

Who takes charge of you?

Good news from Tilsonburg. One brother who has been raising the Holy Spirit, got so miserable that he at last yielded and found peace. His brother in the afternoon said he was determined to give up sin. He got set at liberty and the burden rolled away. Another who had been the most troublesome lad in the meetings, is now a Soldier of the Cross, and says he has lost a hundredweight in less than a week.

The Generals Letter,

To the Soldiers of The Salvation Army Scattered Throughout the World.

No. IV.

DEAR COMRADES,
I was not able to say all I wanted last week on the subject of that and my former letter—namely, for every one of us to carry on the War. Those who have read my letters will remember that I alluded first to the expectations that I cherish in the little Soldiers coming in clouds to the help of the Lord; but feeling that there must needs be some time before this supply would be available, I turned to the crowds of unsaved young men and women waiting to be pressed into The Army, and capable of being almost immediately trained for the Service.

And then my eye fell upon a multitude more, already saved, enrolled, and one might almost say, to a very large extent, trained and ready for the fight. I allude to the Soldiers in our own ranks whom God is waiting to lead forth his sanctified hosts to the battle.

In this letter let me speak to them. If you are qualified for this business, I want you to set your affairs in order. Did I say to you to your loved ones. Separate yourself from all worldly pursuits. Come out and make yourselves with every power you possess for doing or suffering at the Master's feet. Why should the War suffer? Why should the victory be delayed? Why should the battle languish for want of leaders when you are the very people—possess the very gifts—have been saved for the very purpose of carrying it on? We need not wait for the little ones growing up, nor for the wicked ones to be converted; you are grown up, and you are converted, and you are to hand. We cannot, must not, will not wait.

"Be patient," do you say? "Wait the Lord's time?" This is the Lord's time; why should I wait? There is a sanctified anger because it is just, and there is a sanctified impatience because it is not born of benevolence. How can we wait and see the people die, and see the generation sweep off before our eyes into eternal oblivion, that might be rescued—that might be saved?

Have not I said that the eyes of angels were turned to us from all parts of the world? Within the last few weeks, in addition to the countries we already occupy, we have had earnest entreaties to send Officers to Spain and Germany, and China and Norway, and Assam and St. Helena, and Egypt and Singapore, and I know not where else; and, as I said before, one of the main hindrances in compelling these Macedonian cries is the want of men to send.

But this is a very important business. Are all to become Officers? Yes, all who are adapted for it. We go on the lines of adaptation. If you are cut out for being an Officer, an Officer you must be, and an Officer you will be, or so much the worse for you both here and hereafter. And here let me remark that it is a very serious matter—no thousands can testify—for any man or woman to allow any consideration of gain or pleasure or friendship to turn them aside from treading that track of labour which God gives them to understand in their hearts as being most likely to glorify Him and save men. If God sets before you an open door through which you know there is an entrance to a career of usefulness, enter it; though in doing so you turn your back on fame and friends and fortune, I would not like to be in any man's shoes—or any woman's either—who, when the two courses lay before them, chose that which led to earthly ease and enjoyment in preference to the suffering track which if followed meant the Salvation of man.

"But what is to become of business?" said a lady at the breakfast table when I expressed the wish that I could have her five sons as Officers. "The business of the world, you mean, I presume. Oh let the business of the world take care of itself," I replied. "My business is to get the world saved; if this involves the standing still of the looms, and the shutting up of factories, and the stopping of the ships, let them all stand still. When we have got everybody converted they can go on again, and we shall be able to keep things going then by working half time and have the rest to spend in loving one another and worshipping God."

"But how are they all to be supported?" the lady asked. "Oh, we make War-support War," I replied. "We will quarter them on the camp. We have got on that principle in the Army and practice it to the future. And if the sinners cannot support the War, the sinners must help them. If a nation be thoroughly soaked to its transcendent struggle fighting for its own existence, part of its inhabitants are forth to the field, part nurse and care for the wounded, part make the ammunition, and the weapons, and the remainder till the fields, support the whole. When God's people wake up to the importance of this great War, and go forth to engage in it after this fashion, the millennium will not be very far away."

Continued Next Week.

OFF TO MICHIGAN, U. S.



STAFF-CAPTAIN MRS. WASS.

TRUE SOLDIERS ARE ALWAYS READY FOR MARCHING ORDERS.

SOLDIERS PRAY GOD TO GIVE VICTORY.

down to answer the General's letter. I had word to faredwell and proceed to London. While preparing there for America, I had a wire from home, saying my brother was dead. This was a great shock to me, being the only brother I had, thank God he is in Heaven. I stayed home for a few days, and then bid them good-bye. This parting that morning, as we kissed each other with tears flowing, seemed to tear my very heart, and I was on the point of giving up the thought of ever going to America; but remembered my promise to God, and

Ran all the Way to the Depot, and boarded the train for London, where we had a great farewell meeting, and four of us set sail on the 2nd day of December, 1882, and landed in New York on the 17th. I then took charge of Brooklyn No. 1, and fought there for a few weeks, when I was taken sick, and had to rest. After getting a little strength I was ordered to open fire on Syracuse. We opened on the 18th of March, 1883, and had glorious victories. After fighting there for one month, three of us were arrested for going out in the night, and taken to the police station, and God gave us a glorious victory, and we marched and sang through the streets

Holy Spirit, as I never had before. God was with me all the time. After coming out I went on as usual, taking my tambourine out on the Sunday. I was brought before the Court again; Lieut. Nunn and myself were sentenced to twenty-one days. Lieut. Nunn was put in jail, and her case passed to the Supreme Court at Toronto, and before I was put in jail the Court decided in our favour, consequently Lieut. Nunn was released, and the other sentences quashed, and so we got the victory. Hallelujah! On the 21st of August I bid faredwell to the Soldiers, and was married to Staff-Captain Wass, D.O., on the 1st of September.

A Step which I Have Never Regretted.

After resting a few days we were appointed to take charge of the London Division, where we have had many mighty victories. Glory to God, I am going to be faithful to the trust God has given me, doing all I can for Him in winning souls for His kingdom. Amen.

Yours in the Fight,

Staff-Capt. Mrs. Wass.

Belleville Deputies are praising God for victory. We are looking out for glorious testimonies. (Don't disappoint us.—Ed.)

There is weeping at Uxbridge for joy, and on account of sin; so there is at Dresden and Petrolia.

Oh, for more of the weeping spirit.

Two souls came out to the penitent form at Simcoe for salvation. One was a drunkard, and the other a young girl, but they both came on the same level, and found the same Saviour.

A brother came to the mercy seat at Richmond Street, who said he had never been in a prayer meeting for thirty years. The devil had had holding in his heart quite long enough. Now he is going to be just like Jesus.

Although some people said at Welland that the Soldiers would never keep saved over Christmas; they kept working for God all day and expired four precious souls. Some of them said it was the first Christmas they had spent sober for twenty years.

Still the fight goes on at Highgate. A young man came to the conclusion that he would leave the devil and work for God, which he did with thirteen others who got saved on Saturday and Sunday.

An Elora Soldier says before he was converted he really thought he was walking on his head. Anyhow he is now on his feet.

We made our way, at 10:30, on Monday morning, to the City Hall. The large Court room was packed with people, many of the most prominent citizens of Montreal were

Several of the witnesses had stated that a disturbance was imminent, but who were the

jubilee and a half-eight of prayer. Many went from the Jubilee convinced that it was really

Prayer pick-ups are proving the power of God. Wonderful meetings; thirteen souls for the week.

We had to sing,

The Bowmanville Battalion have dis-
gusted the respectable devil, and are
marching along faster than ever with 168

1



returned to God and are now fighting for Him in the Army. May God bless Newman and save the people. Amen.

Staff Capt. Glover

